

A ROYAL RECEPTION.

President Cleveland and Wife Warmly Welcomed in Omaha.

HEARTY CHEERS FOR THE GUESTS

The Streets Thronged With Enthusiastic Thousands.

FLAGS, BANNERS AND BUNTING.

Elaborate Decorations on the Principal Streets and Buildings.

A MAGNIFICENT TURNOUT.

The Military, Knights of Pythias and Civilians Swell the Multitude.

TWO HOURS OF HURRAHS.

A Lively Drive Through a Sea of Smiling Faces, Waving Banners.

SCENES ALONG THE ROUTE.

Thousands of School Children Merrily Welcome the Party.

"SPEED THE PARTING GUEST."

A Tremendous Jam at the Depot to Bid Farewell.

HAND SHAKES AND CHEERS.

The President Presses Palms With a Few of the Crowd and Mrs. Cleveland Smiles an Approval.

—A Shower of Flowers.

Omaha's Honored Guests.

At an early hour yesterday morning all Omaha was astir in anticipation of the visit of President Cleveland and his wife. The day opened favorably, and sunshine and warmth greeted the distinguished guests.

Long before the hour of arrival the streets were thickly lined with the people of Omaha, together with a multitude of visitors from all parts of Nebraska and western Iowa. Good points of observation were secured and maintained by everyone anxious to see the president of this great country, and his beautiful and accomplished wife, who bears with such ease, grace and dignity the title of "The First Lady of the Land." No greater throng has ever been seen upon the streets of Omaha than upon this occasion.

AT COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Arrival and Reception of the Presidential Party.

Special car 63, of the Union Pacific, was placed at the disposal of the Cleveland reception committee. At 9:35 it was boarded by the committee, consisting of Judge J. M. Woolworth, Senator Charles F. Manderson, Dr. George L. Miller, George W. Holdrege, W. A. Paxton, General G. B. Dandy, Max Meyer, and Hon. James E. Boyd and Hon. Charles H. Brown, who acted in the absence of A. J. Poppleton and J. H. Millard. The car was to have been in charge of Conductor Gaines who has piloted across the river many a distinguished party, but he was changed to the half-hourly runs on the dummy during the day, and in his place, W. A. Deuel, assistant superintendent of the Nebraska division, assumed charge. Mr. Hlickensderfer, of the Union Pacific, and the Bee representative were also on board as the car left the depot at 9:25 o'clock. The run to the Northwestern depot in the Bluffs was made in a short time, and there the Omaha delegation awaited. The car was then run back to this city.

At the depot of the Chicago & Northwestern, probably 3,000 people had assembled. They were of all ages and every condition of society, and kept up an animated conversation, and a high feeling of expectation, especially as it was announced that the presidential train was twenty minutes behind time. The delay was brought to the Omaha delegation that the delay had been experienced at Missouri Valley, and from that point to the Bluffs the time would be made up. The promise was realized and at exactly 10:25 the train was seen rounding the curve a couple of miles up the track. The feeling of excitement became intense. Policemen pushed back the crowd from the tracks, and at length a splendid view was afforded the Omaha delegation of the approaching train. The speed was reduced, and when the engine reached the edge of the thronging crowd, the approach was not more rapid than that of a leisurely walk. In this manner, all danger of accident was precluded. The engine 109, of the Chicago & Northwestern road, rolled past, lower Broadway. She was guided by James G. Blaine, one of the oldest engineers of the road. Following came the Pullman car Alafra, then the Velasco, and finally a rolling palace marked P. C. The cars were of the Pullman vestibule fashion, recently contrived, with connections between each car, and a party to pass from one to the other without experiencing the unpleasantness of exposure to the elements.

The platform of the last car hung over the middle of Broadway as the train stopped, and on it stood

President Cleveland, dressed in a suit of black broadcloth, his head uncovered and the fingers of his right hand inserted beneath the lapel of his close-buttoned coat. He was easily distinguished from the resemblance he bore to the best of the pictures which had been sent in advance of him. Postmaster-General Vilas appeared on the platform just as the crowd burst into one long, loud and hearty cheer. Looking into the crowd, Mr. Vilas recognized Senator Manderson, and immediately orders were given to admit to the senator and his party, who immediately stepped upon the platform and into the vestibule car, to which the president had retired. Here the committee was presented one by one to Mr. Cleveland and with all of whom he shook hands warmly.

At this moment, the train started for Omaha, and a few commonplace remarks between the guest and his hosts were exchanged, when a tall, slight figure, wearing

in a gray mantle, with a fall turban upon her head, glided into the vestibule, remarking in a sweet, almost girlish voice, "Let me see them too." Way was made for her.

IT WAS MRS. CLEVELAND.

The president smiled and with her returned to the platform. This was the signal for another loud indulgence in cheers, in recognition of which the president doffed his silk hat and his queenly wife smiled in hearty appreciation. Both stood upon the platform, watching with a great deal of fear lest, as it was stated, the train would be backed up, and some of the boys who run after it shaking with a great deal of enthusiasm might meet with injury. The backing up, however, was dispensed with and shortly before the train rolled on the Union Pacific track Mayor Greenwood of Council Bluffs, went on board, and saluting the president, said: "Mr. President, as mayor of Council Bluffs, I bid yourself and wife hearty welcome."

The president smiled pleasantly and said: "Thank you. I wish I could remain here longer."

The Omaha committee then advanced to the door opening upon the platform where they paid their respects to Mrs. Cleveland, who received each of the gentlemen with the grace and ease of an accomplished lady whose act was entirely devoid of ceremonial restraint. She was in communicative mood, and maintained an interested part in a hundred of the little subjects which were prompted by the circumstances and occasion. When the train was rolling rapidly toward the transfer, a band of little Bluffsites, mounted upon feet ponies overtook the train, and several of them flew past it at a rapid gait. They attracted the attention of both Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland. The former smiled and the eyes of the latter beamed with intense interest as she exclaimed, half in fear, half in admiration, "How well they ride!" Pointing to the leading pony, "That," said Senator Manderson, "is a genuine Mexican Mustang; but that," meaning the driver, "is not a cowboy." The president smiled again and Mrs. Cleveland laughed. The train sped on rapidly, and gradually lessened its speed as it approached the transfer, until it came to a momentary pause, when Mayor Greenwood of the Bluffs alighted. When he reached the platform, he gracefully doffed his white hat, displaying his short, silvery hair, made a respectful obeisance and turned toward the Bluffs. The salute was to the president and his wife, and was responded to by both. Again the train moved on, and leaving over the rail, the president accepted a home-made bouquet from a poor woman, which he handed to his wife, smilingly remarking "Someone has sent you a bouquet."

At this moment Senator Manderson, who was standing on the platform, espied General Dodge in the crowd and endeavored to direct to him the attention of the president. He then turned to Mrs. Cleveland and said, "Mrs. Manderson made it my first duty to hand this to you with her regrets," handing her at the same time an open envelope addressed to her containing Mrs. Manderson's regrets at not being able to meet the fair guests. The packet was accepted by Mrs. Cleveland with the remark, "I am so sorry."

At this point conversation became most general, and Messrs. John A. McShane and Max Meyer approached and each presented to Mrs. Cleveland copies of the other morning's papers. After they had been accepted by the lady, and some comments were made by the president touching the multiplicity of faces which Mrs. Cleveland seemed to have in the artistic mind, the Bee representative presented a copy of that morning's issue, containing the beautiful portraits which adorned the paper. Like the type with which it was printed, the cut was used for the first time. The president and his wife looked at the picture for a moment, hastily glanced over its page, and then folding the sheet, handed it to his wife with the remark: "I am sorry we have not preserved these papers. They would act as souvenirs some time." The papers were carefully put together by Mrs. Cleveland, and an attendant was called, and the sheets were deposited for future reference.

Dr. George L. Miller, who all this time had been quietly conversing with Mr. Bissel in the private office of the car adjoining the drawing room, came slowly to the rear platform and standing for a moment on the threshold, Mr. Lamont, who had preceded him, said to Mrs. Cleveland, "You remember Dr. Miller, do you not?" The lady smiled assent, extending her hand which was met by that of the doctor. The president and his wife then exchanged greetings, entering into a short conversation, which was discontinued by Dr. Miller remarking that for a lady who had been reported sick in Chicago, Mrs. Cleveland was looking remarkably well. The lady blushed, smiled, showing a row of regular and pearly teeth, and somebody insinuated that the reports were caused by unwarranted newspaper envenom. The doctor then referred to his acquaintance with Mrs. Cleveland's grandfather, who had resided here, the fact that she would to-day see some of

HER PROPERTY IN OMAHA.

to which she replied she would be pleased to do so. He then spoke of the Folsom hat, which had been named after her, and detailed an incident in which her grandfather had another Folsom hat named after him, caused by the appearance of a present when its broad brim was blown back by the wind while he was riding against it on horseback. He thought that that hat was not of the conventional order, and Mrs. Cleveland agreed with him.

By this time the train reached the bridge and the Missouri, and the sullen, murky and rapid stream, for several minutes attracted the attention of the presidential party. The Omaha committee then retired to the drawing room, where they were accompanied on invitation by the president. The Omahans stood around the luxurious apartment which was carpeted in soft velvet and upholstered in richest grain, the president and Hon. John A. McShane seated at the head of a center table upon which rested floral offerings from ladies along the line.

WELCOME TO THE PRESIDENT.

Mr. McShane then in a low, modest and well-worded speech welcomed the president as follows: "Your excellency, in behalf of the people of Omaha and Nebraska, I welcome you to this great state, and to our city, which is the largest in the state you are about to visit. We are gratified to see you in the west, and grateful that God has preserved and protected yourself and your wife throughout this journey, which has happily been one of satisfaction to all your friends. We hope that the remainder of it will be as pleasant as that which has already been passed and that you may return at its close improved and benefitted by your arduous labors in Washington."

THE PRESIDENT REPLIED.

In an equally low and pleasant tone: "Mr. McShane and gentlemen: I return to you my hearty thanks for this cordial welcome to your state and the kindly reference of interest to the

termination of my journey. I am sorry that I cannot stay longer with you, and much longer in this, the promising and growing west. But though I am compelled to go sooner than I would like under other circumstances, I have no doubt that your energy will enable me to do so without otherwise lose because of want of time."

By this time the train had reached the bank on the east side of the river, and simultaneously, the first gun of the presidential salute boomed with great force and volume. When the sound had died away it was followed by the cheers of thousands who thronged the yards and followed the train up through the depot.

ARRIVAL IN OMAHA.

Scenes at the Depot—The Presidential Carriage.

The president and Mrs. Cleveland with Hon. J. A. McShane, Senator Manderson, J. E. Boyd, Max Meyer and others stood on the platform. The cheers of the crowd continued till the train stopped at Tenth street, where Acting Mayor Bechel was presented. He was followed by Governor Thayer and Senator Paddock, all of whom extended greetings and welcome to the party. As the guests were about to leave the car, Dr. Miller, speaking from within the car said to J. E. Boyd: "Please ask him (the president) to make a five minutes' speech." Mr. Boyd did as requested, and the president said, "No, no. What's the use of wasting time when we have got so little to spend. But if you want it I'll make one."

"No, no," said the doctor. "I don't want to delay you. There has been no intention of that. Everything has been done to enable you to use your time to the greatest advantage."

The party then disembarked. The crowd began to assemble at the depot at an early hour, and by 10 o'clock the jam was immense. Still it was conducted to within a radius of one hundred yards about the depot, and was not nearly so large as one would naturally expect under circumstances so unusual and extraordinary. The detail of police was on hand and there was no unseemly boisterousness or disorder. In fact, the populace seemed to await the arrival of the presidential train with an apathy and patience that struck the close observer with much significance. About half past ten

THE PRESIDENTIAL CARRIAGE.

together with those of the reception committee and prominent citizens arrived and were driven into line. The vehicle, a massive barouche, allotted to the president and Mrs. Cleveland, Governor Thayer and Congressman McShane, was a marvel of decorative art and ornamentation, and reflects exceeding credit upon the designer and workmen. It was literally a mass of the most delicate and artistic work in their such a skillful and artistic way as to make it appear to the eye that the construction was alone of those odorous and lovely blossoms. It was really a feat of floral ornamentation that has never been equalled in honor of any event in this part of the country. On each side of the carriage, ingeniously stuck in the bed of rose buds of all tints and colors, in tiny pink immortelles, were the words, "We greet you," while the doors were masses of snowy lilies the buds of the Majesti, the Dijon and Mareschal Niel, delicate sprays of trailing smilax and heliotrope and geranium, wound over the velvet balustrades and the rear of carriage. At each corner and at the door handles were dainty bouquets of red, white and blue ribbon, which also streamed in the window from the driver's seat and whip. Attached to this radiant equipage was four magnificent black horses, gallily caparisoned in gold mounted harness and gaudy plumes, while entwined with the harness over each animal's back and depending gracefully at the sides were garlands of flowers, magnolias, ferns and gay colored buds, woven upon the slender tendrils of the ever-witching smilax. The interior of this veritable conservatory was a luxury of brocade plush and rich fur rugs, and never did honored man or lovely woman ride in a more exquisite outfit.

THE DRIVER, WILLIAM WELTON.

and footmen were dressed in a dark shade of green, wearing immense clusters of tawny roses. Welton sat like the favored attendant of a potentate, but handled his restive steeds with consummate skill.

As the presidential carriage took its position at the west end of the board, walk leading from the depot, the Young Men's Democratic club, 200 strong, formed a hollow square about it, while the remainder of the carriages doubling around the square, formed in line behind.

At 10:30, exactly on time, the train pulled into the depot, and through until the car containing the chief magistrate of the country, his beautiful wife and distinguished retinue, was directly opposite the waiting carriage.

As the president appeared, with his wife just back of him, picking her way daintily upon the platform, a round of plaudits arose and quickly subsided. Governor Thayer, Senator Paddock and Congressman McShane mounted the platform and greeted and welcomed the distinguished visitors.

Again the people cheered, then the president alighted from the platform, and taking the governor's arm stepped to the carriage, closely followed by Mrs. Cleveland under the polite escort of Congressman McShane. This was the first opportunity the people had to get so close to the president and his wife, the sweetest, most winsome and beautiful ladies of the land, and in honor of her rare loveliness and perfect womanhood, a volume of delight approbation arose that made both earth and atmosphere fairly tremble. There was no mistake about it, this special demonstration was for Frankie; she was the cynosure of 10,000 pairs of eyes, and it is possible that for the moment the crowd forgot that there existed such a man as Grover Cleveland, or a president of the United States. Such is the homely lovely woman always commands. She knew that she was the target of a tremendous visual bombardment, but she departed herself with the wonderful presence of mind that makes her the central figure of attraction in whatever circle she moves. Her faint rose color mounted to her lovely cheeks, and she smiled in such a sweet and captivating way, and in a glance swift, yet ingenious, she took in everybody, and each man present congratulated himself in that his eyes had met hers. As she took her seat in the carriage, and the driver gave rein to the prancing steeds, the crowd with a yell that sounded not unlike the outbreak from a band of Comanches, swept down upon the vehicle, and for a moment threatened to lift it bodily from the ground. Mrs. Cleveland, while that sweet smile still wreathed her angelic features, was soon to shrink and lean toward the assuring congressman. The next instant they were off, and moving rapidly away from the maddening crowd.

Occupants of the Carriages.

The carriages were occupied as follows: 1. The President, Mrs. Cleveland, Governor Thayer, Congressman McShane.

2. Postmaster General Vilas, Mrs. Vilas, Mayor Bechel, Judge Wakeley.

3. Colonel D. S. Lamont, Dr. Miller, ex-Mayor Boyd, W. A. Paxton.

4. W. S. Bissel, Senator Manderson, Colonel Savage, General Dandy.

5. Dr. Bryant, Senator Paddock, J. M. Woolworth, Max Meyer.

6. F. T. Bickford, E. Rosewater, A. J. Poppleton, Congressman Dorsey.

7. G. M. Hitchcock, G. E. Pritchett, Frank Murphy.

8. C. A. Baldwin, Hon. J. C. Cowin, G. W. Doane, A. N. Ferguson.

9. General Breck, C. H. Brown, H. W. Yates, T. L. Kimball.

10. Dr. McFarlin, J. H. Millard, Postmaster Gallagher, G. W. Holdrege.

11. Major Hughes, U. Bruchvogel, C. Taylor, H. Kountze.

12. Colonel Henry, Judge Groff, Judge Neville, C. W. Hamilton.

13. Major Creary, P. E. Iler, A. P. Hopkins, J. Meyer.

14. General Hawkins, J. Garneau, J. M. Thurston.

15. Colonel Terrill, Captain Conley, George I. Gilbreath, Colonel C. H. Johnson.

16. Lieutenant Kennon, Captain Ray, Howard B. Smith, L. M. Bennett.

17. Dr. Crittenden, Major Baker, Heinrich, C. E. Mayne.

18. Major Balcombe, Councilman Kitchin.

19. Councilmen Bailey, Lowry, Hascall, Boyd.

20. Councilmen Ford, Lee, Manville, Councilman.

21. Councilmen Snyder, Bedford, Cheney, Van Camp.

22. Councilmen Keirsted, Alexander, Burnham, Kasper.

23. Reporters of the four papers.

THE PROCESSION.

Scenes and Incidents Along the Line.

At the Depot.

The line of march was strictly adhered to as previously arranged in the Bee, the sidewalks and streets along the entire route being one seething crowd of men, women and children, hallooing and cheering, and waving handkerchiefs and flags, making a picture of thrilling confusion, enthusiasm and bewilderment. Suddenly, President Cleveland and his royal lady, as well as distinguished attendants, have no cause to regret his visit to Omaha, or grounds to complain of the great ovation that was tendered him by her patriotic and progressive citizens. There were many sights and scenes worthy of portrayal that must for innumerable reasons be omitted. As the procession passed St. Philomena cathedral on Ninth street, the churches filled the air with soft strains of music, the sweetest tones, and the children of the adjacent school vied with the sweet bells in the wild and unrestrained clamor of their little voices as they screamed out their delight and clapped their hands at

THE PASSING SHOW.

On Tenth street the Second regiment U. S. A. was drawn up in line and stood at present arms in salutation of the presidential party. Until the last carriage had been swallowed up in the bosom of the crowd beyond. Up Farnam street the procession passed amidst one continuous uproar, and the spectacle was sufficient to send the blood coursing through the most sluggish veins. In front of the Paxton were the remnants of the late democratic party, and it is hoped the president was impressed with the personnel of the cohort upon whom he must depend for four years more of glory. They screamed out their feelings in a way that must have made Mrs. Cleveland imagine she was passing through an Indian village. One of the best

PICTURES OF THE PRESIDENT.

seen along the line of march was the huge oil painting in front of Boyd's opera house. It is a work of art, and elicited a favorable comment from his excellency as he passed.

At the corner of Sixteenth and Farnam was elaborately decorated with flags and bunting, while standing guard about the dome were four living knights in armor. The effects were striking. At the corner of Sixteenth and Douglas some thoughtless individual in the height of his unbridled enthusiasm, had stretched a colossal portrait, in crayon, of Susan B. Anthony across the street, under which the huge letters were: "Welcome Mrs. Cleveland."

THE SCENES ALONG DOUGLAS.

street in point of interest and enthusiastic demonstration equalled, if they did not surpass those along Farnam. The St. Cloud restaurant, with its brightly decorated streamers of Pythian colors, and flags and banners, while the Millard and the Arcade, too, were both becomingly embellished. The cheering along Douglas was kept up until the last carriage was by, and the commotion in the rear vehicle never felt lonely for one instant.

THE CHILDREN.

At the Eighteenth street Catholic school gave the most graceful and beautiful display, while at the high school, around which the procession was driven, the demonstration was particularly impressive. Over the main entrance to the grounds was a beautiful banner, on which, in bold letters, could be read: "God Speed the Man Who Does Right!" The latter part of the drive was hurried along at a lively rate as Colonel Lamont rather ignorantly insisted on being kept up the prescribed time. At the depot the crowd that collected was even greater than that of the morning.

After the president and his wife had boarded their car, hundreds of men crowded about the rear platform and shook hands with Grover, and although there was an uninterrupted demand for a speech, he persistently maintained a disappointing silence. As the train pulled away, there was a final burst of cheers, and the throngs, dust-covered and perspiring, eagerly dispersed, and the president's visit was a part of history.

THE KNIGHTS' PARADE.

A Fine Showing by the Knights of Pythias.

The parade of the members of the uniform rank of the Knights of Pythias was one of the grandest sights which the people have ever been permitted to witness. At 9:30 o'clock the different divisions of the two regiments were drawn up in line and under command of Major General Carnahan, the procession moved forward to assist in doing honor to the president and affording the citizens of Omaha an opportunity of witnessing the beautiful tactics of the rank.

Some time was consumed in receiving a number of divisions and lodges which arrived on the late trains. As the president and Mrs. Cleveland passed up Tenth street and east on Harney, Major General Carnahan and his entire staff, mounted on hand and some charges, saluted the distinguished party with drawn swords. On Ninth street to Farnam and west to Thirtieth, the different divisions were stationed, single file and front face, and, past this line of brave men, glittering swords and handsome lace, the president

of the United States and his wife moved, acknowledging with pleasant smile and cordial bow the graceful salute of the Pythian Knights. The participation of the knights in the reception of the president made the attendance seem one of beauty. After the presidential party had passed, the order to march was given and one of the grandest pageants which any city has ever witnessed moved through the principal streets of Omaha. The order in which the procession marched was as follows:

Major-General James H. Carnahan, Aide-de-camp Colonel John J. Conell, Colonel George H. Croger.

Aide-de-camp, four abreast, Colonel M. C. Barkwell, of Wyoming; Leon Fournier, of Ohio; E. P. Radcliffe, of Minnesota; H. H. Hibben, of Iowa.

Brigadier-General W. L. Dayton, Major and Acting Adjutant John E. Smith, Major J. C. McNaughton, Surgeon W. H. Hancock, Colonel H. J. Wells, Colonel J. H. Gibson.

B. & M. band of Plattsmouth.

Chapman's Cadet band of Hastings.

Avella band of Lincoln.

Colonel H. F. Downs.

Nebraska regiment No. 1 and staff.

Lieutenant Colonel W. D. Hunt.

Major Schurman.

Adjutant J. E. Douglas.

Quartermaster J. B. Wright.

Quartermaster John E. Peterson.

Lincoln division No. 1, twenty-four men; captain, A. A. Laach, lieutenant, J. W. Percival, herald, T. R. Stoner.

Apio division No. 2, twenty-four men; captain, A. H. (Lincoln), thirty men; captain, C. M. Keifer, lieutenant, H. W. Kelly, herald, Walter Keens.

A. D. Marshall division, (Lincoln) twenty-four men; captain, J. Berger, lieutenant, Sier, herald, Chappell.

Aurora division, nineteen men, captain, Delian Cates, lieutenant, M. D. Wildish, herald, J. B. Brown.

Fremont division, No. 21, forty men, captain, M. J. Mahoney, lieutenant, A. M. Arris, herald, D. J. Brown.

Falls City division and members of Tecumseh division, twenty-eight men, captain, Percy Peppoon, lieutenant, H. C. Davis, herald, J. A. Whitford.

Nebraska City division, twenty men, captain, Frank Turner, lieutenant, Donaldson, herald, Brown.

Missouri Union band.

Colonel Thomas H. Barrill of Omaha regiment (No. 2) and staff.

Quartermaster, Colonel C. S. Higgins.

Sergeant, C. M. Dismore.

Sergeant, Trostles.

Major Theisig.

Apio division No. 3, twenty-one men, captain, J. C. Whinnery, captain commanding, lieutenant, J. J. Wells; herald, George Sabine.

Falcon division No. 15, sixteen men, captain, C. P. Needham; lieutenant, Selden; herald, Bandhauer.

Omaha division, No. 12, thirty-four men, captain, W. S. Hayward; lieutenant, Weeks; herald, Peasner.

Trojan division, No. 18, twenty-one men, captain, W. S. Spencer; lieutenant, Kinkaid; herald, Johnson.

Lily division, No. 8, thirty-five men, captain, J. S. Laing.

Apio division, sixteen men, captain, Henry Hornberger; lieutenant, Fuller; herald, Helwig.

Lancaster division, captain commanding, J. W. Leitch.

Black Eagle, twenty-eight men, captain, L. G. Crapp, lieutenant, Hurry Merriam, herald, J. B. Brown.

Mount Shasta division, eighteen men, captain, H. C. Cole, lieutenant, T. F. Tuttle, herald, J. W. Murner.

Omaha division, fifteen men, captain, Anderson, herald, Fred Fuller, lieutenant, Charles Helwig.

Council Bluffs band, Council Bluffs division No. 27, forty men, captain, H. C. Hicks, lieutenant, Tibbets, herald, Williams.

Members of Park Lodge, Omaha.

Members of Star Lodge No. 9, Ashland, Iowa.

Omaha knights.

This closed the long and imposing parade. Fully 1,000 uniformed knights were in line. The maneuvers and tactics of the men were excellent, while the discipline of the officers was apparent to every one at all familiar with the movements of the soldier. Major General Carnahan was mounted on the famous white horse of James Creighton, the only steed of that color in the line.

THE KNIGHTS MARCHED.

through the principal streets until 1 o'clock, when they broke ranks and retired to receive the private commendations and congratulations of their friends.

The encomiums and compliments paid to the knights were profuse on all hands, but among them all none more hearty than that given by Mrs. Cleveland herself. On Farnam street, just after turning from Ninth, and after viewing the long line of brave and gallant men, the first lady of the land leaned toward the Hon. John A. McShane and remarked in her sweetest tones: "How nice they look!" Surely the Pythian needs no better tribute than that given by this lovely woman, a tribute which found a hearty echo from every one who viewed their imposing display.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S OUTFIT.

Description of Her Traveling and Dinner Dresses.

Mrs. Cleveland's traveling dress is an exquisitely fitting costume of dark brown, foul and silk, the skirt of which is brown, with trimmings of white flowers, forming a mass of full drapery, falling in graceful festoons, entirely hiding the under petticoat, and made bouffant at the back, the waist being of the plain cut to fit the figure to perfection, and closely laced up the front as far as the bust. A dainty bonnet of the same completes a most tasteful toilet. She has a handsome dinner dress of black velvet, made by the same tailor, opens in front to form a petticoat of white moire covered with black jetted lace, the back falling from the waist in full, rich folds, terminating in a long train. The bodice of velvet is cut square in the neck, which is filled in with the lace-covered moire, finished with a ruching of the same at the throat. Plain tight sleeves of velvet, with black puffings, form an artistic finish to the whole.

THE RUSH OF VISITORS.

Loaded Trains Bring in Thousands of Strangers.

The earliest morning trains from the east, west, south and north had extra cars and all were crowded. The dummy trains from Council Bluffs never had such loads of passengers before. The Missouri Pacific and Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha trains had a world of people upon them. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and B. & M. having an unusually large number of cars brought in a multitude from different points in southern and western Nebraska while every train on the Union Pacific was overloaded. The scene at the depot was exciting to say the least. There was nothing but jostle, jam and a confused crowd of people. The officers in charge of affairs there were taxed to their utmost ability to prevent accidents and they certainly had a hard day's work of it.

THE POSTOFFICE.

The Postmaster General Takes a Look at It.

A Bee reporter was beside the carriage occupied by Postmaster General Vilas, Mrs. Vilas, Judge Wakeley and Acting Mayor Bechel as they passed the postoffice.

"This is our postoffice and custom house building," said Mr. Bechel.

"Rather of ancient architecture—isn't it?" replied Mr. Vilas.

"Yes," said Judge Wakeley, "but as our fa-

cilities are not near what we should have for our fast increasing business, we are in hopes that you will do something to help us when you get around to it."

"I